

# The Tragedie

Thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.

*Qu. Mar.* Why so I did, but lookt for no reply:  
O let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* Tis done by me and ends in Margaret, (selfe,

*Qu.* Thus haue you breathed your curse against your

*Qu. M.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for. (tunc:

Why strewst thou sugar on that botled spider,

Whose deadly web insnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunchbackt toade,

Hast False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,

Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.

*Qu. M.* Foule shame vpon you, you haue oll mou'd mine.

*Ri.* Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

*Qu. M.* To serue me well, you all should do me dutie,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:

Oserue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.

*Dorf.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

*Qu. M.* Peace maister Marquesse, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobilitie could iudge,

What 'were to loose it and be miserable?

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall they dash themselves to peeces.

*Glo.* Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.

*Dorf.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,

Our aerie buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

*Qu. M.* And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,

Witness my sunne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,

Hath in eternall darknesse foulded vp:

Your aerie buildeth in our aeries nest.

O God that seest it, do not suffer it:

As it was wonne with blood, lost be it so.

*Buck.* Haue done for shame if not for charitie.

*Qu. M.* Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me,

of Ric

Vncharitably with me haue

And shamefully by you my

My charitie is outrage, life n

And in my shame still liue m

*Buck.* Haue done.

*Qu. Mary.* O princely Buc

In signe of league and amitie

Now faire befall thee, and th

Thy garments are not spotted

Nor thou within the compa

*Buck.* Nor no one here, s

The lips of those that breath

*Qu. M.* Ile not beleeue bu

And there awake Gods gentl

O Buckingham beware of y

Looke when he fawnes, he b

His venome tooth will rank

Haue not to do with him, be

Sinne, death, and hell haue s

And all their ministers atten

*Glo.* What doth she say m

*Buck.* Nothing that I resp

*Qu. Mar.* What doest tho

And soothe the diuell that I

O but remember this anothe

When he shall sp'it thy very

And say poore Margaret was

Liue each of you the subiects

And he to you, and all of yo

*Hast.* My haire doth stan

*Rin.* And so doth mine, I

*Glo.* I cannot blame her b

She hath had too much wro

My part thereof that I haue

*Qu.* I neuer did her any t

*Glo.* But you haue all the

I was too hot to do some bod

That is too colde in thinking

Marry as for Clarence, he is v

Vnche